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SHAKSPEARE

SERIES V.

MACBETH.

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Paris. — Imprimerie de Rignoux, rue des Francs-Bourgeois-S.-Michel, n 8.

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THE GALLERY

OF

SHAKSPEARE,

OR,

Illustrations of his dramatic Works.

MACBETH,

In eight Etchings, on steel, from Reuth;

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES.

LONDON:

ACKERMANN, 96, STRAND; — TILT, 86, FLEET STREET.

ROLANDI, 20, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

1830.

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LOAN STACK

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, *his Sons.*

MACBETH, BANQUO, *Generals of the King's Army.*

MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, MENTETH, ANGUS, CATHNESS, *Noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

HECATE, *and three* Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE—In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

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INTRODUCTION.

Macbeth, the son of Sinel, obtained the utmost affection and confidence of Duncan, king of Scotland, having, by his personal valour, been chiefly instrumental in overcoming the insurgents headed by Macdonwald and assisted by the Norwegians, whose daring incursions had greatly increased during this monarch's mild reign. After a complete victory gained over Sweno, king of Norway, Macbeth and Banquo unattended, journeying towards Fores, at which place lay Duncan's camp, were, according to Holinshed's Chronicle, suddenly met on a heath by « Three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world. » These hailed Macbeth Thane of Glamis and of Cawdor, and also King of Scotland. Questioned by Banquo, whether promising so much to his companion, they greeted him with nothing? «Yes, said the first of them, we promise greater benefits unto thee, than unto him; for he shall reign in deed, but with an unluckly end : neither shall he leave any issue behind him, to succeed in his place; where contrarily, thou in deed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born, which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. » These women then immediately vanished from their sight. Shortly afterwards a messenger arrived, informing Macbeth of the death of his father, and his thus becoming Thane of Glamis; a second messenger came also to impart to him, that the king, as an earnest of still greater honour, had named him Thane of Cawdor. These proofs of the prescience of the weird sisters, then gave birth to Macbeth's «vaulting ambition, » and soon was beheld the sad transition of the hero to the villain; for, stimulated by his wife, who, in the same Chronicle, is boldly described as, « A woman very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen, » Macbeth compassed Duncan's death; and seizing the opportunity offered by the Monarch's becoming their guest at Inverness Castle, he murdered him, during his sleep, and thus became possessed of the crown. One crime ever leads to others. Macbeth had not forgotten what the weird women had promised to his former companion in arms : wishing

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therefore to thwart that prediction, he caused Banquo and his son to be waylaid by assassins, who, though, they killed the father, missed the youth. Numerous other murders, necessary to the Tyrant's security, followed. But, in the mean time, Malcolm, Duncan's eldest son, having fled to England, where, says Holinshed, « he purchased such favour at King Edward's hands, that old Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was appointed with ten thousand men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in his enterprise, for the recovery of his right. » Closely pursued by his foes, but still confiding in a prophecy, that he should never be vanquished till Birnam wood removed to Dunsinane, a distance of some miles; nor yet be slain by any man of woman born, Macbeth withdrew into Dunsinane Castle, there, determined to wear out the patience of the besiegers. Malcolm, however came up to him quickly, and to disguise the number of his forces, ordered his soldiers, each, to carry before him the branch of a tree. When Macbeth was informed of the strange appearance presented by the moving forest, he began

«To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. » —

After desperate exertions of valour, he met Macduff, whom he had wished to avoid, having, among his many victims slain that Thane's wife and children, and still believing himself to bear « a charmed life, » he was now unwilling to charge his soul with more blood of that race. Then, only, he learnt that Macduff « was never born of his mother, but ripped out of her womb », and, too late, he fully perceived the treacherous meaning of those juggling fiends,

«That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.»—

Thus, after a reign of seventeen years, a just, though long withheld, retribution, overwhelmed the guilty usurper, who was slain by Macduff. By the Tyrant's death, Malcolm recovered his own rights, and was hailed King, on the field of battle.

There can be no doubt, that Holinshed's Chronicle was the source, whence Shakspeare took the historical part of the truly sublime Drama, to which the following eight Etchings, from original Designs, form illustrations: it is confidently hoped that these will not be found unworthy the masterly production of the Bard.

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Andrée edit

MACBETH.

Act I Scène 3.

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Having obtained a signal victory over the rebels and the Norwegians, Macbeth, accompanied by Banquo, hastens to join the King at Fores. Whilst crossing a heath, they perceive the three witches, who have been holding together their diabolical converse. Banquo astonished exclaims;—

« What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so. »

The design represents the moment when, in answer to Macbeth's challenge the weird sisters reply:—

« 1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not:
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate. —
1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!—
MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?— Speak, I charge you.»

The witches vanish but soon afterwards the Chieftains are met by Rosse and Angus, sent by Duncan to salute Macbeth as Thane of Cawdor, who thus begins to give credence to the other predictions he has just heard.

«Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.»

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Duncan wishing, in every possible manner, to display his love towards Macbeth, visits him in his Castle at Inverness and thus gives the Thane means of accomplishing his wicked purpose. Macbeth struggles within himself against the evil suggestion of murdering the King; but, urged by Lady Macbeth, whose bold character is traced with all the energy of Shakspeare's matchless powers, the fatal deed is consummated during the night time: the bloody daggers are placed near the two attending grooms of the Chamber, to make it seem their guilt. Early in the morning, Macduff and Lenox arrive, and Macbeth, who his supposed to have been called forth from his bed Chamber, by their loud knocking at the Castle Gate, is saluted by Lenox.

«Good-morrow, noble sir?
MACBETH. Good-morrow, both!
MACDUFF. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
MACBETH. Not yet.
MACDUFF. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
MACBETH. I'll bring you to him.
MACDUFF. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
MACBETH. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.
MACDUFF. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit Macduff.*
LENOX. Goes the king hence to-day?
MACBETH. He does:— he did appoint so.»

The moment represented in the design is when Macduff, having discovered the horrid murde turns from Duncan's Chamber, exclaiming,—

«O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
MACBETH and LENOX. What 's the matter?
MACDUFF. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder had broke open
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
MACBETH. What is't you say? the life?
LENOX. Mean you his majesty?
MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:— Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.— Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the alarum-bell: Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!— up, up, and see
The great doom's image!— Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror!»

Macbeth flies to the King's chamber, but returns immediately: to Malcolm and Donalbain's enquiries about what has caused the alarm, the guilty Thane answers:

«You are, and do not know it;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACDUFF. Your royal father's murder'd.
MALCOLM. O, by whom?

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Audot edit

MACBETH.

Act II. Scène 3.

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LENOX. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows;
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACDUFF. Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?»

Duncan's sons, when alone, impart to each other their suspicions: fearing for their own safety, and, aware that,

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy,

determine to fly from Scotland.

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Macbeth takes advantage of Malcolm and Donalbain's flight to fasten on them the suspicion of their having suborned the guards to murder their Royal father, and by this means, he, the more easily, possesses himself of the Crown. But, remembering the promise of the witches to Banquo, he determines to be rid of him. Whilst expecting the murderers, for whom he has sent, he thus expresses his fears:—

«To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep: and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd:—'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given ro the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! —Who's there?»

The murderers are ushered in his presence, and he gives them instructions, relative to the assassinating of Banquo and his son Fleance. The design represents a park near Macbeth's Palace, the spot pointed out to the ruffians for the perpetrating of the foul deed. Banquo and Fleance arrive:

«1 MURDERER. 'Tis he.
3 MURDERER. Stand to 't.
BANQUO. It will be rain to-night.
1 MURDERER. Let it come down.»

The immediate moment, chosen by the artist, is when Banquo struck down, by the assassins, exclaims,—

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

Thus warned, the youth escapes.

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MACBETH.

Acc. III. Scène 3.

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Gallery
OF
SHAKSPEARE,
OR
ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS DRAMATIC WORKS.
MACBETH.
In eight Etchings, on steel, from Retzsch;
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES.
LONDON:
1830.
TO BE HAD AT THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS AND PRINTSHOPS.

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MACBETH

Act III. Scène 4.

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Banquo has fallen a victim to the fell ambition of his rival, yet, the latter remains a prey to the most torturing uneasiness. — The design represents the Banquet. The King has welcomed his Thanes, and whilst testifying regret at Banquo's absence, his ghost rises and sits in the royal chair. Requested by the guests to grace them with his company, Macbeth, horror-stricken at the apparition, replies:

«The table's full.
Lenox. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macbeth. Where?
Lenox. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macbeth. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
L. Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends: — my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?
Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

. . . . . .

Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? —
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*

. . . . . .

L. Macbeth. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macbeth. I do forget: —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down: — Give me some wine, fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Ghost rises.
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would, he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
L. Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macbeth. What man dare; I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! »

The shade then vanishes, and Macbeth recovers his wonted composure; but, fearful of her husband's further betraying himself, Lady Macbeth hastily dismisses the company.

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Macbeth hoping, by a fore knowledge of his destiny, to dispel his disquietudes, determines to seek the prophetic sisters: he finds them in a dark cave, busied around a boiling cauldron, over which they have performed their terrible incantation. Entering, he challenges them thus:—

«How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
ALL. A deed without a name.
MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down:
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.»

The actual moment represented in the design is when the apparition of the armed head rises amidst flashes of lightning; Macbeth addresses it,

«Tell me, thou, unknown power,—
1 WITCH. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought
APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
MACBETH. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—
1 WITCH. He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.»

A second apparition, that of a child, follows: it says to him

«Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
MACBETH. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure!
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,»—

The third apparition, another child, crowned and bearing a tree in its hand, promises him, that,

«Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.
MACBETH. That will never be;
.....—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
ALL. Seek to know no more.
MACBETH, I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?»

The last apparition imparts to him the fatal assurance of Banquo's descendants reigning. After a dance, the witches vanish. Macbeth amazed cries out.

«Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!»

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Audot exc

MACBETH

Act. IV Scène 1.

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Audot edit.

MACBETH

Act. V. Scène I.

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On leaving the cave, Macbeth learns from his attendants, that Macduff has fled to England, to join Malcolm. Enraged, he orders the Thane's Castle to be seized; and, his wife and children to be put to death. — Lady Macbeth, without whose pernicious boldness, her husband had never accomplished the end of his wicked ambition, is now herself assailed by all the horrors of the deepest remorse. This design gives a Chamber in Dunsinane Castle, Lady Macbeth, asleep and holding a taper, enters, « her eyes are open but their sense is shut; » a physician and a waiting woman are watching her. The moment chosen by the artist in when Lady Macbeth says:

«Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

L. MACBETH. Out, damned spot! out, I say!— One: Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:— Hell is murky! — Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

L. MACBETH. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?— No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

L. MACBETH. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR. Well, well, well,—

GENTLEWOMAN. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

L. MACBETH. Wash your hands, put on your night gown; look not so pale; — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

DOCTOR. Even so?

L. MACBETH. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly.

DOCTOR. Foul whisperings are abroad; Unnaturals deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her!
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak. »

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Although pressed by his enemies, betrayed by many upon whose apparent good will he had relied, and distracted by domestic cares, Macbeth, clinging yet to the promises of the weird women, determines to make a valiant stand within Dunsinane Castle, as he expresses, in the third scene of this act, when addressing his attendants. —

«Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm!
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.—
. . . . . .
This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

SEYTON. What is your gracious pleasure?
MACBETH. What news more?
SEYTON. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
MACBETH. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.»

To Macbeth's enquiries about Lady Macbeth, the physician replies: —

«Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
MACBETH. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCTOR. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
MACBETH. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it:—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
. . . . . .
Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
. . . . . .
SEYTON. The queen, my lord, is dead.
MACBETH. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

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Andel. sculpt

MACBETH

Act. V. Scène 6.

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The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.» ——

A Messenger arrives with the news that Birnam wood is seen approaching the Castle. — He is struck down by Macbeth, who in his wrath, also threatens him,

« If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.» —

The scene, represented in the design, is when Malcolm's stratagem, in making each soldier bear the bough of a tree before him, has had the desired effect, and he thus addresses them,

«Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.»

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Macbeth, though he now doubts a double meaning in the predictions of the fiends and begins « to pull in resolution, » still displays great personal courage against his foes. Throughout the battle of Dunsinane he is found in the thickest of the conflict, and there Macduff seeks him, saying,

« That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd do bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.»

In the mean time, the Castle surrenders to Malcom: but Macbeth, determined to fight to the last, appears again on the field, exclaiming.

«Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

MACDUFF. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

MACBETH. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I are a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

MACBETH. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*»
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

The design represents the moment when Macduff, having killed Macbeth, returns, bearing the Tyrant's head on a pole and greets Malcolm thus:

«Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

ALL. King of Scotland, hail! »

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Audot edit.

MACBETH.

Act. V Scène 7.

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